

15

Mr. Coleman's LEGACIES. OR, A DISCOVERY OF POPISH MALICE, WITH CAUTIONS TO beware of Dangerous Seducers.

With Allowances
To a full
Anno 1679.

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Mr. Coleman's
LEGACIES.
OR, A
DISCOVRSE
OF
POBISH MAlICE

DEAR Country, where my Infant Breath I drew,
Thy Int'rest once Feager did pursue ;
Employ'd my Thoughts, and so compell'd my Will
To be obedient to thy Dictate still
Serious in nothing but what just might prove
To settle Friendship, and Eternal Love :
Bound in my Conscience to protect thy Cause,
The which long started at the Breach of Laws,
Disowning balenes, and all private Sin,
That ope's the Soul and lets black Treasons in.
Ah ! — had but so happy been to know
That Misshap State, and no continue so.
Free had I been, as Nature could afford,
Protected by great Justice's awful Sword,
The which now Fate turns on me ; I must feel
The weighty pressure of offended Steel,
Breath'd from destructive Air, the cruel Guilt
For which my Blood must be so fully bilt in
Air breath'd from *Rome*, pernicious Tempests roll,
To blast with Mildews, spot the candid Soul
With lasting stains ; make it more vile than he,
Who counts himself on Earth a Deity :
Compos'd of Dust, yet arrogates the name



of

Of him who rules the Universal Frame,
 Deceiving mortals with a fond conceit,
 That murders will promote 'em, make 'em great,
 But the Design is to support his Seat ;
 The which on seven high Mountains plac'd chere Waits
 The Triple Sisters on the Triple Fates,
 pride, Treason, Envy, and a thousand more,
 Attend his Courts, of which pernicious store
 He sends abroad dire Troops throughout the World,
 Made fit for mischief, and like Torches hurl'd
 In mighty Piles, breed dangers where they come,
 And vex the Nations with Commands from *Rome*,
 Denouncing Purgatory and the Fire,
 Where Active Spirits work and never tire,
 Till mony frees 'em, or they there must stay,
 Till *Plato's* year of *Jubile* makes way
 For their releasements : This did I believe,
 Till kinder Heaven did kindly undeceive
 And made me sensible of my Estate,
 How I stood tott'ring on the brink of late,
 By undermining Priests was prompted too,
 The cruell'st things that wretched man could do,
 All dangerous Ills, wing'd with the souleless *Curse*,
 That thoughts can center at, or blackest *Fomes*,
 Expose to mortal Eyes, or bring to light,
 Hatch'd in the shades of everlasting *Night*,
 'Twas my intent to put in practice all
 But dreadful sins on the Promoters fall,
 Pounding to Attoms those who strive to raise,
 The baillful Engins, and extincts their day,
 For Kings are Heavens great Vice-roys, and that *God*,
 Who gave them Pow'r defends them with his Rod,
 The Sacred Name of Majesty's Divine,
 A *God* compacted in a mortal Shrine :
 In vain are Plots, in vain Conspiracies,
Rome vainly vaunts of bearing Heavenly Keys,
 Celestial ! no — for why she oft mistakes
 Them for the Keys that ope' Infernal Lakes,
 From whence such swarms of deadly Locusts flye,
 Whose dusky Wings obscure the clearing Skye,
 Devour the Nations, and with Poyson-stings,
 Corrupt the Scriptures, life Eternal springs ;
 Such have in thee, O *British* Island, made
 Dissention, Murders, and had all betray'd ;

Had Mercy not the Fatal Act deny'd,
 And turn'd the deadly Arrows in their side,
 Preserv'd the guiltless, and the guilty found:
 Witness my self, in dangerous Mischiefs drown'd,
 Must suffer justly, justly doom'd must dye,
 For Crimes deserving more, if more can be;
 And likewise all those cruel men that strive
 To ruine Nations, must at last arrive
 To like disgraceful Ends, Rewards for those
 Who Trade in mischief, or with Treason close,
 Monks, Jesuits, and all the wretched Train!
 O shun such crafty men, who strive to Reign
 And Lord it o'er the Consciences of men,
 To bring them into Slavery aghen,
 Worse then Egyptian-bondage, worse then all
 That did in Egypt Jacob's Sons befall,
 Nay worse then Babylonish Tyrants, they
 First seise, and then insult upon the Prey,
 With smooth pretexts lead simple Sons aside,
 And make 'em then the Trophies of their Pride,
 Therefore beware of such, left after-times
 Should haunt your Consciences with Eternal Crimes,
 Blush not at admonition, but beware,
 Lest you're intangl'd in the self same Snares
 That is my lot, when all the Priests of Power,
 Have not the Power to save you from the dooms,
 So justly pass'd, no nor themselves secure
 From dangers that their Fatal Prides inure,
 Therefore my Friends, who're you are, take heed,
 That you no farther do in ill's proceed,
 Lest you a wretched Expulsion make,
 And with me justly my Reward partake.

F I N I S.